

2D COMING

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 5 DECEMBER 9, 1969

25¢



Was
Adolf Hitler
Der Harold Sponberg
Of Germany?

Second Thoughts

DEALING WITH THE ADMINISTRATION

The EMU Administration may strike one as so insane that it is beyond comprehension. However, over the past few weeks a zany logic and even a predictable pattern has come to the fore. The stories in this issue--the continuing hassle over our paper, the Sue Lock women's hours trial, and the struggle over visitation in Best Hall--all illustrate this pattern. Here's "how the system works":

First, the Administration makes a basically stupid policy on something or other and writes it down in the rule books. (Women's hours, restriction on student visitation rights, a provision that the University must approve sales of products.)

Second, it persistently *ignores* this written policy whenever a crisis comes up, substitutes its *own* policy wishes for those written down (and bear in mind that the written policy already overwhelmingly favors the Administration), and calls what it wants "policy." (A Head Adviser claims the authority to deny someone sign-out rights; an administrator says "policy" forbids 24-hour visitation even though it does nothing of the sort; O. W. Harold and his lackeys ignore the "except as provided by law" loophole in the sales policy.)

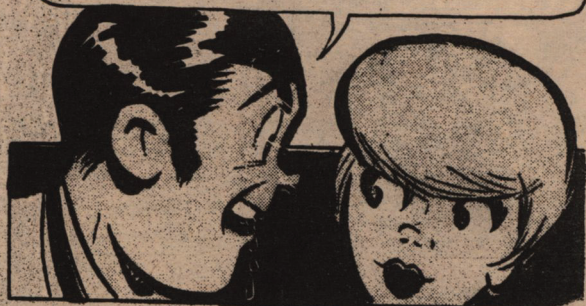
Third, when faced with this contradiction, the Administration gets more and more stubborn, says that it can do anything which "isn't specifically prohibited," claims that it knows what is legal, and threatens students who insist on following the written policy with disciplinary action or arrest. (David Williamson of Housing says that denial of sign-out rights was "in accord with the best legal interests of the University; Aceto creates a special tribunal and says he can do so because it "isn't specifically prohibited--and Carson and Williamson used the same line; Stockham threatens visitation-seeking students with arrest; O. W. Harold crazily repeats that selling the *Second Coming* violates "policy," et cetera, et cetera.)

Fourth, if the Administration chooses to prosecute students within the University's judicial system it goes down to total and hilarious defeat. (The Student Court and the Disciplinary Review Board acquit paper sellers; the All Residence Hall Judicial Board frees Sue Lock.)

One could speculate at length on this rather bizarre pattern. Perhaps the Administration has been seized with a wish to appear ridiculous. Perhaps, on the other hand, it has been so used to a docile student body that it has forgotten its own rules, substituting for them whims of the moment. Or, more likely, it has a desperate need to *control* and to *eliminate all deviance*, regardless of its own rules and procedures.

Well, there are ways of dealing with this silliness. Here is the procedure we suggest:

LET ME CLUE YOU! THIS DEAN IS AN ESTABLISHMENT SQUARE! JUST GO IN AND DEMAND WHAT YOU WANT! SCARE THE PHONY! TELL HIM YOU'LL TAKE OVER!



Spectator/UPS

First, familiarize yourself thoroughly with the *written* rules governing whatever you may want to do. (This will make you one up on the Administration.) Remember that administrators have no authority beyond what is given them by the written rules.

Second, talk sweetly to whomever is giving you a pain, pointing out that you are within your rights under the rules (or perhaps that the rules are illegal).

Third, don't be bluffed. If an administrator threatens you with something, it might be good to put on a show of writing down what he says while looking unconcerned.

Fourth, go ahead and do what you want to. If you are apprehended, ask for an *open hearing* before the appropriate judicial body. If you appeal far enough--say to the Student Court--you will almost certainly either be found innocent or given a very small penalty, particularly if you can show administrative bias or stupidity.

Fifth, enjoy yourself at your trial. Call on us (484-0244) for legal help if you want it. Take pleasure in the fact that open hearings mean administrators have to give up their precious spare time and make fools of themselves in public.

Those "chronic policy violators" are at it again, folk! They have published yet another issue of the "printed matter known as the *Second Coming*" from P. O. Box 491, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

The *Second Coming* is published every two weeks (excluding vacations and exam periods) by the Ypsilanti Intermedia Corporation. If you want to reach either the paper or the corporation, call 484-0244.

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We're still pushing subscriptions, which are \$2.50 inside Ypsi and \$3.50 outside.

Arrests

People's Lounge was back last Tuesday as three couches were moved into the McKenny Union Lobby at about 1:00 p.m. By 1:30 the Union student manager was trying to find out who was responsible. No one knew (those freaks keep a tight community) so the student manager tried to bully the people into returning the furniture (even if they had not been the ones who moved it). Two of the couches were returned by Union employees but the third was occupied by Frank Michels, John Enlund and Barry Simon. They had arrived on the scene after the furniture had already been moved.

Detective John Garland approached the three and asked them to leave. "Are you asking or ordering," came the reply from the couch. "I'm asking," said John Garland. "We're considering," said Simon. After a short time, Garland got up the nerve to order Michels, Enlund and Simon to leave and they did. The couch was then returned to its rightful place where it could not be used by the university's "bad element."

All seemed well until nearly 4:30 when Garland got hold of Simon in the snack bar. He had a warrant for his arrest. He also had warrants for the arrest of Simon and Enlund. Garland and Larry Mathewson (another campus pig--see receipt on page 4) took Simon to Campus Police Headquarters for booking. While at headquarters Garland gave Simon the same rap he always gives whenever he's busting someone. "I don't want to oppress anybody. I'm black but I gotta eat." In the meantime, Pam Jones and student Senator Henry Scharg arrived at Headquarters to help Simon. Garland said that they could not see him and then tried to sneak Simon out the back door.

Simon was then taken to the 14th District Court and arraigned in the court of "His Honor Henry Arkison. Simon stood mute to a charge of "disorderly person" and "indecent and obscene behavior in a Public place." Bond was set at \$35.

Enlund and Michels were not arrested on Tuesday. Garland would have had to arrest them after 5:00 and they would have had to spend the night in jail. Garland claims that this is why he chose not to arrest them until the following morning. Possible--but maybe he just didn't want to work over-time himself.

Wednesday morning, Garland arrested Michels in the Union snack bar (where all felons hang out). His attorney was also there and freaked out on the charge: "Indecent and obscene behavior? What was he doing, John, fucking a chick on the couch?" Garland admitted that none of the three had been either "obscene" or "indecent," but that they had refused to move when asked.

That afternoon Michels and Enlund (who "turned himself in") were arraigned in 14th District Court and chose jury trials. They will be in court on January 14 and January 21 respectively. Bond was set at \$35.

Enlund, Simon and Michels are all connected with the *Second Coming*. Perhaps having failed to destroy the paper within the university and in federal court, the administration is now ready to embark on a course of "legal" harassment.

Michels is the editor of the *Second Coming*; Simon is on the Board of Directors of the Ypsilanti Intermedia Corporation (YIC) a non-profit, non-stock Michigan corporation which publishes the *Second Coming*; Enlund is a plaintiff in the *Second Coming*'s suit against the University.

We wonder who Garland communicated with from the time that he left People's Lounge until he decided to get warrants for the arrest of the three. Garland is "just obeying orders." He gets all the bad publicity and the humiliation of having to do things he would rather not. Meanwhile Harold Sponberg and Lewis E. Profit sit in their comfortable, carpeted offices and pull everybody's strings.

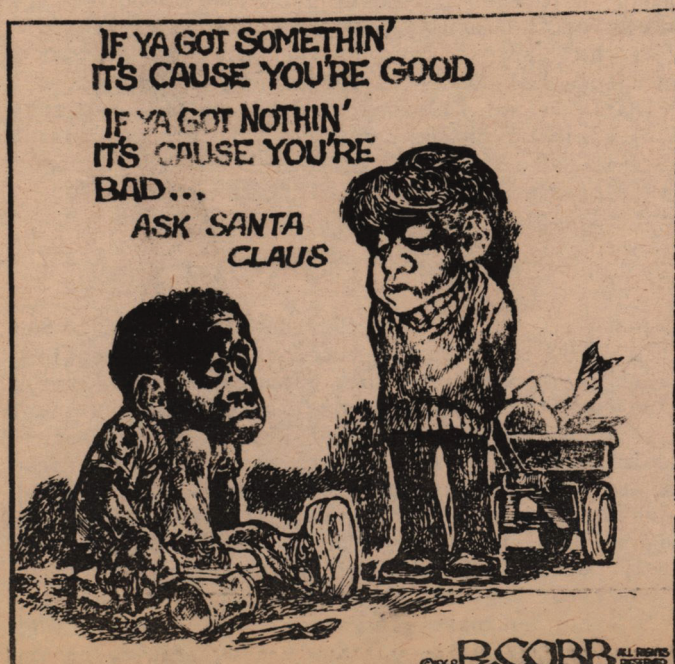
WOMAN'S BURDEN

Schools all over the country have abolished women's hours. Naturally they and other devices used to harass women students still exist at Eastern--see Sue Lock's story in this issue if you want to see what hours ultimately lead to.

The main effect of hours is not to improve the grades or protect the chastity of freshman women but to turn their freshman year into a nightmare of avoiding illegitimate authority. A door or window which opens a route to freedom becomes a precious secret and women learn early to lie and sneak.

The existence of hours may seem like an anomaly, a meaningless survival of a Victorian era (after all, back in the teens of the century women had to be in bed with their lights off at 9:00 in some schools). But some implications can be drawn from the existence of hours. For example, why are women locked up rather than men? Throughout high school women get better grades than men, are generally considered more mature (that's why girls are responsible for sexual conduct). But when a woman gets to college she suddenly is too silly to be able to decide when to come in at night. Meanwhile the boys with their low grades and immaturity are free to run wild on panty raids. They are also free to stay up until 3:00 in the morning rapping to people without having to go through bureaucratic hassles.

The explanation for this seemingly meaningless situation is that the powers that be design different lifestyles for the sexes. The men are to be autonomous and independent beings making decisions not only for themselves but for the women they marry. Women, on the other hand, are destined to be wives. This is why women can marry at 18 without parental permission (men usually have to wait until they are 21) but college women can't have keys to their dormitories. Women are trained to be passive, to accept the guidance of others, to be decorative objects who fit in with someone else's life.



SECOND COMING KEEPS COMING!

The past three weeks have seen continued progress on our suit against the Administration, confiscation of 28 papers by campus pigs which led to a personal tragedy for a non-student, and the radicalization of a growing segment of the faculty (and for Eastern's faculty that's something).

The Suit

On Friday, November 21, was the first hearing on our suit, which requested a permanent injunction declaring the sales rules and Sponberg's ban unconstitutional, guaranteeing us the right to sell without harassment or disciplinary actions, and reinstating Rev. David Barsky. This first hearing was taken up with preliminary sparring and no decision was reached. What we wanted most was a "temporary restraining order" forbidding the Administration to harass us while the case was being settled. However, the Administration did not want this, and so it reinstated Barsky a few days before the hearing.

This was good, but it meant that we could not show "irreparable injury" to us if a final decision was delayed; lawyers for both sides have said we certainly would have gotten our restraining order had Barsky not been reinstated.

The attorney for Sponberg and his lackeys was Kenneth Bronson, who--to no one's surprise--is Ypsilanti City Attorney in public life. The paper was represented by Robert Slameka and Hugh Davis, free attorneys provided us through the National Lawyers' Guild. Bronson moved that the case be thrown out of court because of a lack of jurisdiction, and Judge Roth denied that. Then he moved that the case be dismissed because of improper subpoenas, but the judge denied that as well. Two points for our side.

Then we asked for the temporary restraining order. The judge asked if we had a "case in point," meaning a similar situation--a court decision saying that a college administration could not ban an underground paper--and we couldn't come up with one. This was because very few college administrations are as stupid as EMU's. That, plus Barsky's reinstatement, plus the University's agreement to let us sell our papers at the McKenny Union desk, was enough to get our request for a TRO denied.

With that, the hearing was over. Sponberg et al. were given until December 3 to file their formal "answer" to our complaint against them, and we all went home. December 3 came and went, with no answer being filed. This means that we could ask for a "default judgment" in our favor, but that would be a weak kind of victory for obscure legal reasons. However, we hope for some kind of action within the next week.

The Confiscation

On the evening of November 21, the day of our hearing, occurred the most serious case of harassment of a paper seller. His name was Douglas Heller, a 15-year-old non-student who was peddling papers in McKenny Union. About 10:20 the pigs accosted him and demanded that he stop selling. He said he wouldn't. Then they asked for his identification, and discovered that he was a juvenile.

Now, being a juvenile in Michigan means that you're someone else's property. Heller's parents do not live in Michigan, and his guardianship was held by Michael Rumptz, proprietor of the Other Side. The cops called Rumptz, who could not come down to the Union. So Rumptz said to do what the police wanted and he would talk to them on Monday, November 24. The police insisted that he give them the papers, and he did. Here is the receipt Heller was given:

McKENNY UNION

MEMO TO:

DATE 11-21-69

Note

Reply

Please Call

Time

10:35 PM

Received from
Douglas Alan Heller

28 copies of Vol I #4
of "The Second Coming"

Signed Off Larry Matherson

By this time two faculty members, who had put themselves "on call" for this sort of thing, arrived at the Union and went in to talk to the police. The pigs told a different story. They said they had simply asked Heller for identification and when he couldn't produce any they had called his guardian. The guardian, they said, had voluntarily asked Heller to give the papers up "because he didn't want Heller selling the paper." However, this was a lie. The police maintained that they were "just following the guardian's request," whereas in reality they had created the whole situation.

The pigs were also under the mistaken impression that because we had failed to get a TRO that afternoon we had lost our case. (We suppose Lew Profit, ignorant as usual, had called his police as soon as he got home.) The faculty corrected their mistaken thoughts, and no further harassment went on.

On Monday Rumptz dropped his guardianship of Heller for personal reasons. So--natch--the police apprehended him for being a "runaway"! (In complete defiance of Michigan's juvenile code, by the way, since being legally guardianless is different from having run away.) He was taken to Juvenile Hall and quizzed for five hours. But he wasn't quizzed about his personal life so much as about "radicalism on campus." He was shown photographs of most well-known troublemakers, as well as of the faculty members who sold the third issue of the paper in front of the Union on November 5. He was also asked about "narcotics use" on campus.

Finally he was released, and the police said they would pick him up the next day and take him to court to decide what was to be done with him. However, to avoid this hassle Heller simply left the state. Congratulations, pigs!

The Faculty is Radicalized

Meanwhile, on November 19, the Faculty Senate met. One item of business was supposed to be the reception of a further report from Prof. Samuel Bufford's investigating committee on the *Second Coming*. He was simply going to recommend that cases of faculty harassment by the Administration be referred to the Faculty Welfare Committee, a standing committee of the faculty. However, when it was moved that the matter of the paper be placed on the agenda, Prof. Mary Robek, Business, immediately moved to adjourn! The room grew very tense, as it was clear that she would rather not finish the Senate's other business (it was only 4:30 and meetings last until 5) than allow Bufford's committee to report.

A roll call vote was ordered, and the motion to adjourn prematurely was defeated, 17-28. Here, for future reference, is a list of those 17 reactionary Faculty Senators (and alternates) who would rather have adjourned than allowed the *Second Coming* to be discussed:

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| John Bates, Biology | Delmar Larsen, Indus. Ed. |
| Howard Booth, Biology | M. L. McDonald, English |
| Charles Carroll, Business | R. A. Mohl, English |
| Lincoln Deihl, Business | James Northey, Math |
| Carl Garber, Special Ed. | Mary Robek, Business |
| Walter Gessert, Physics | C. H. Smith, Military Sci. |
| Joanne Hansen, Library | Rosetta Wingo, Business |
| Martin Kornbluth, English | Ronald Zeller, Business |
| Dorothy Lamming, Art | |

The Bufford Committee reported and the faculty harassment was referred to the Faculty Welfare Committee. (On December 3 the cases were referred to the Executive Board of the Senate.)

Far more important than this, November 19 saw the first issue of the *New Faculty Group Newsletter*. This was distributed to all faculty members. It contained a relatively complete chronology of the *Second Coming* crisis. Also it revealed that on November 5, while faculty were selling the paper, they were kept under surveillance: "Twenty faculty sold the third issue of the *Second Coming* on November 5 outside McKenny Union and at other locations. Their actions did not go unnoticed: Chief John Hayes of the campus security force kept the McKenny sellers under surveillance from inside the ROTC office in adjacent Welch Hall. Unidentified photographers in the same location took numerous pictures, while out-of-uniform campus police took pictures in the McKenny Plaza area."

The *Newsletter* also reported that 125 faculty members, 1/5 of those on campus, had signed the NFG's resolution condemning the Administration as a censor and demanding that disciplinary actions be dropped.

The New Faculty Group is one of the more hopeful developments among EMU's normally quiescent faculty. While we cannot expect it to take the lead in campus activism, if only because faculty are not an oppressed group, nonetheless it is a powerful lobbying force on certain "liberal" issues like free speech.

PROF. HOCHMAN V. DEAN ACETO

To the Editor:

There were two references to me on page 6 of your November 18 issue. They are as follows: "That night, Aceto told Prof. Larry Hochman, physics, that both he and Zumwinkle would resign before suspending or expelling students." And: "At the hearing, Aceto denied that he told Hochman he would resign rather than suspend anyone, calling Hochman a liar."

Let me first say that Dr. Aceto did indeed say what you say he told me. Thus I am not a liar. Let me further say that I did not convey that information to your newspaper.

What I did was mention Dr. Aceto's remark to some friends of mine. Let it be clear that Dr. Aceto did not tell me that in confidence. He told me a number of things the night we spoke and I asked him twice what was and what was not intended to be confidential. The matter of resignation was not included among the confidential items. Neither was the matter of (Campus Police) Chief Hayes' refusal to confiscate the third issue of the *Second Coming*.

Actually, in light of the suspension (of Barsky) and in light of Dr. Aceto's refusal to resign (and I am not really urging that he resign), I no longer feel bound to keep any of the confidences. Despite this, I do intend to keep confidential the items he so designated. My public dispute with him notwithstanding, I like Dr. Aceto on a personal basis.

Larry Hochman

avant-garde
CHRISTMAS
NEEDS
BEATLES' ILLUSTRATED
borders
CROSS
GIFTS
calendars
LYRICS \$ 5.95

LOCKED UP

By SUE LOCK

Thursday night, November 14, was going to be the beginning of a good thing. I was really leaving for the Washington Moratorium to march for what I believed. I went downstairs to the desk to sign out, but soon discovered I might not have my chance after all. The Head Advisor of Downing Hall, Miss Verna Carson, didn't wait me to go. She flatly refused to give me an explanation--and still hasn't. Then she called my parents and told them what I had planned to do. They didn't approve, of course, being parents.

However, nowhere is Miss Carson given the right to call parents.

In addition, she violated University procedures by refusing to let an RA sign me out. ("In the event that a student who is a Non-Participant (one who does not have key privileges) wishes to stay out overnight during the week, she must obtain permission from the Head Adviser or one of the Resident Advisers."--1969-1970 Residence Hall Program Handbook, p. 32.) However, this rule didn't bother her.

At this time Miss Carson was restricting all her RA's. She had informed them that too many freshmen were signing out on weeknights and that she would take over all sign-outs.

As could be expected, I was ticked off. Knowing Miss Carson hadn't liked me since I arrived two days early last semester (with Housing's permission, I might add) didn't help the way I felt. At the time I also knew that no other dorm would have denied me permission. I didn't want to kiss her fee. by staying, so I took off.

I'm still glad I left. I saw and learned much participating in something worthwhile. Anyone who couldn't go to Washington really missed a good experience.



Upon my return to Downing the Hall Judicial Board tried me for my "offense" and gave me a fantastically harsh sentence. I was to be "campused" every week night from 9 to 11, and every weekend I had to sign in at closing. (For those who don't know, campusing means 1) remaining in your room; 2) no telephone calls in or out; 3) no visitors in room; 4) signing in at the hall office every hour until closing.--Handbook, p. 39.) Also, if I wanted to have an overnight on a weekend, my parents had to call the University and give their permission.

However, the case wasn't actually with their jurisdiction, so I was tried again by the All Residence Hall Judicial Board, which has jurisdiction over the whole hall system, on December 1.

As my case came up before the Board, "Ma" had already told the RA who accompanied her to the trial that if she said anything, her job was screwed--not in those words, of course.

The University was represented by a man named Williamson, one of Mr. Stockham's assistants. He claimed that Miss Carson had acted "in full accord with University policy" and that the University "might be responsible" if something had happened to me after I signed out. (This is despite the clear disclaimer of responsibility in the Residence Hall Contract, Handbook, p. 11: "Eastern Michigan University shall not be liable for the loss of money or valuables or damage to the property of any person, or, for the loss or damage to property belonging to a Resident, or for injury to a Resident or any person in or about the residence hall premises.") Miss Carson said I had not been "lady-like." She also claimed that she often called students' parents. "There's nothing in the rules prohibiting it."

The Board found me "not guilty" because Miss Carson did not have the authority to do what she had done. It also put me on "court probation" for my own protection, which means that if the Hall Board tries to do anything to me again it must send a transcript of its proceedings to the All Residence Hall Board.

Despite this and many other incidents, Ma Carson is still around. She's had her bod on campus so long that most people think it can't be moved. For the last four years or so there have been rumors of her resigning. Is she really? Maybe. No one is really quite sure. The fact remains that if she doesn't resign I feel she should be quietly "retired." This female person has been stifling the independence of "her" girls long enough. The women of Downing aren't Ma Carson's girls, and I am not. We are women, and should be treated as such.

Is this college dormitory for real? In Downing you can't even get ice unless you have a sprained ankle or some such emergency. This is simply explained by the supposition that if all the girls went to the desk at the same time there would only be enough ice for one-quarter cube per girl. Is this logical? According to Ma it is.

Miss Carson has already requested I leave Downing Hall, once in a letter to my parents and once in a note put in my mailbox--and I have never been in any kind of trouble. Since when is this normal procedure for a Head Adviser? Could it be that the rules for dormitory procedure need clearer definition to take care of people like Miss Carson, who is in fact so extreme in her rule interpretations that she is out of her jurisdiction? It doesn't seem to bother her, but it does bother me and I feel my freedom being abused.

Of course, I could move to another dorm. I would probably have a much better time of it. However, the problem would still remain and my friends and others in Downing would continue to be under the "parental" rule of Ma Carson. To have a university replacing parents is outdated now. They don't do that any more, or do they?

Miss Carson still does. And she will continue to do so as long as students will stand for it.



The Second Coming, December 9, 1969

FUCKED OVER

By LARR BRAYBOY

On November 12, 1969, a meeting was held in Strong Auditorium by a new group on campus, the Coalition to Save ROTC. This group's existence was in response to the actions started by another group formed a week earlier, the Coalition to End ROTC.

The "Save ROTC" meeting started off with a short speech by a Mr. Bill Moyer, who spoke about why ROTC had to be allowed to remain on this campus. When Moyer finished his speech, he allowed the audience to ask him some questions, and I asked him a couple. When he finished answering them, he told me that I could have a few minutes to talk to the audience about why our group is asking for the abolition of ROTC.

I gave a short rap about why I think ROTC should be abolished, and after I was finished the crowd began to question me. I tried to explain to the people there how the US uses our troops, whose leaders in combat are mainly ROTC graduates, to suppress guerrilla movements in Third World countries, because these movements are rebelling against American exploitation and are therefore detrimental to US economic interests.

The crowd on hand at this point started to laugh because they felt what I said was preposterous. So I said "Go on and laugh at me; I don't give a fuck," and they shut up for a few tense seconds. I was asked a few more questions, and then Mr. Moyer took over the meeting again. The meeting ended about 5 minutes after I finished, and as I was walking out a few people approached me and started to ask me some more questions.

After about 5 more minutes a student police officer, Mike Bunting, came up to me and said that a girl student by the name of Linda Devault had signed a complaint against me, and that I was under arrest for using "immoral, indecent, obscene, vulgar, and insulting language in the presence of a lady." This, believe it or not, is a misdemeanor in the state of Michigan.

Bunting then took me over to the campus police station to get some information. He told me that he could put me in jail overnight, but since he knew me and since he was such a good guy he would let me go if I showed up at the station at 11 a.m. Friday morning to pick up the warrant for my arrest. If I didn't show, then he would come serve the warrant on me and put me under arrest.

But on Friday morning at 11 o'clock I happened to be in Washington DC, so Mr. Bunting could not serve the warrant on me.

When I returned on Monday I went to the campus police station to turn myself in to Bunting, but he was not there. The officer at the desk told me to return at 3 p.m. I then went up to the Union, and lo and behold, there was Bunting looking for me; so I walked up to him and turned myself in. Mike then said to me I might as well wait till 3, but a couple of minutes later he walked up to me and served the warrant.

We then proceeded to the office behind the candy counter in the Union, and he ordered me to empty my pockets. After I did this he told me to get spread-eagled up against the wall, and then proceeded to check me to see if I had a gun or knife or perhaps a club hidden on my person. He said this was "the usual procedure." After checking me and finding no weapons, he decided to handcuff me to insure that I wouldn't run away again.

I was then taken to the campus police station, and from there to 14th District Court to face Judge Arkinson. I pleaded guilty to the charge of using "im-

moral, indecent, vulgar, obscene, and insulting language in the presence of a lady." Judge Arkinson gave me the alternative of paying a \$53 fine or serving 30 days in jail.

So since I decided 30 days in jail wasn't a very good alternative I paid the \$53 fine.

(Editor's Note: This blatant act of harassment of a student for saying "I don't give a fuck"--and who of us has not--is just one more example of political suppression of radicals on the EMU campus.

Mr. Brayboy was unable to retain counsel to fight his arrest on constitutional grounds, because of the cost and lack of information. Courts have held that obscenity is not punishable unless it leads to an actual breach of the peace, which was not the case here.

We suppose nothing can stop the pigs from busting people. However, we will try to see that they get little satisfaction from it.

As a first step toward removing the atmosphere of fear which has begun to pervade this campus, the Second Coming Legal Defense Fund has reimbursed Brayboy for the full amount of his \$53 fine.

We will not be fucked with.)



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Five bucks will get you the following:

- 1) Souvenir Pogrom: Chicago Conspiracy vs. Washington Kangaroos
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All profits go toward legal expenses for the Chicago Conspiracy trial. Make checks payable to The Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604.

OPEN HOUSE

By ART GREENHALGH

In a surprise move, on the afternoon of December 5 the Administration reversed itself and granted Beaver Bluff corridor, ground floor south in Best Hall, the right to a 24-hour visitation for Saturday, December 6.

Before this, there had been continuous hassles, despite the fact that the corridor governor had followed the steps described in the *Residence Hall Advisory Staff Manual*. The manual states: "A corridor house visitation involves only those houses on corridors, etc. which elect to participate. A visitation from a corridor or house will be the result of a majority vote of the residents of that unit. A completed Residence Hall Activity Form 1-a will be presented for Head Advisor approval before noon of the Thursday preceding the visitation.

This is what was done. A corridor vote on a 24-hour visitation was taken and passed unanimously. Finally the form was pre-

sented on Tuesday, December 2, to the Head Advisor, Jeff White. He gave his approval.

That should have been all there was to it. But then things got complicated. White said in his letter of approval that while a 24-hour visitation didn't break policy, it did break tradition.

However, David Williamson, coordinator of the housing program, overruled Jeff White's decision. [Williamson was active in Sue Lock's trial--Ed.] He said that while there was no policy forbidding 24-hour visitations there was nothing in the policy specifically stating that they were permitted (!). It therefore, according to Williamson, becomes a matter of interpretation of the policies and therefore he ruled that Bluff could not have the event.

The reasoning behind the decision was that "by virtue of tradition and past procedure in the implementation of visitations in residence halls, we hold to the policy that members of the opposite sex must vacate residence hall rooms by the deadline of the closing hours of women's halls on

campus." Actually he should have said that if he allowed the visitation it would set a precedent, and in his lowly position this would mean dismissal.

Dave Budnik, the floor governor, then tried to see President Sponberg, but--alas!--as usual he was too busy for such trivia and referred him to Vice-President Zumwinkle. Zumwinkle was touched by the plea, but the answer was still "no."

Then Dan Ely, president of RHA, talked to Mr. Stockham, director of housing and Williamson's boss. Stockham not only said "no," but added that if we tried it anyway he would take the corridor to *civil court*. Not to the Hall judicial boards or the Student Court, where such matters belong, but to the regular courts. (He didn't say what he would have us arrested for.)

Finally, on Friday December 5, Zumwinkle reversed his stand and gave approval, but only through the constant effort of Budnik. Why he did this is not known.

trip on in to

the Purple Haze

the unusual for the body and the mind

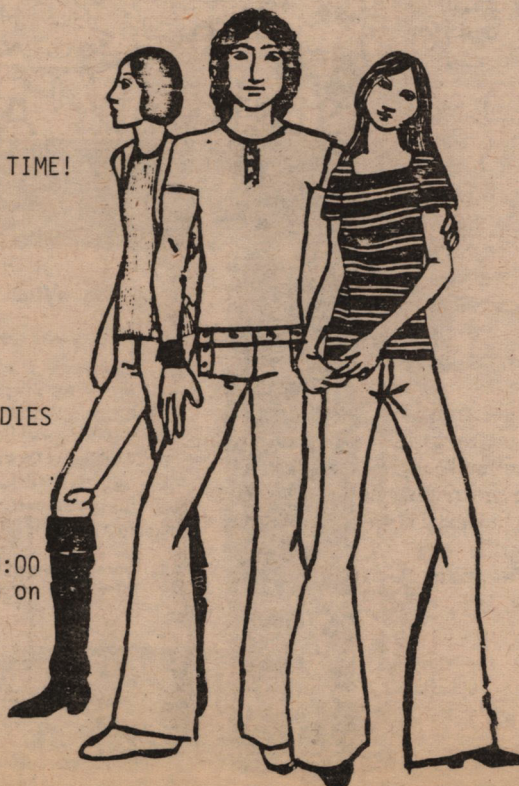
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College Drugs)

Asilanti

ESCAPE FROM THE X-MAS SHOPPING RUT AT
THE PURPLE HAZE

YPSI SCENE

PROF. WONNBERGER SMASHES COMMIES

For all of those students who might worry that the faculty of this place consists entirely of liberals and pinkos, we submit for your joyous attention the name of Prof. Carl Wonnberger of the English Department, a hard-liner if there ever was one. He has the habit of passing out dittoed statements on national events to his classes, and we fearless journalists have copped two of them.

Wonnberger seems to have been peculiarly disturbed by the October and November Moratoriums. Here is a sampling from his statements:

"When I take a job I agree to accept all major policies of my employer. When and if I do not accept them, I hope I shall always have the guts to quit. So too with the students. It is entirely possible that certain persons might fit better into the University of Moscow or the University of Havana than they do here. Who is stopping their departure? I am therefore going to teach my classes as usual. To walk out would be to falsely identify myself with the Commies or the near-Commies....Meanwhile I'm going to run classes and conferences at the old stand as usual, and I shall mark absences and give grades as usual. These will be 'unexcused' absences."

And from his November goodie: "Like all other organized agitation in this country I feel the thing is being bought and paid for by groups outside our country whose aim is to destroy American institutionsI will not permit the disruption of orderly educational practices under orders from Moscow, Peking, Havana, or the persons in America they seem to be duping."

Carl Wonnberger, we salute you!

PIZZA SMUGGLER APPREHENDED!

We know you won't believe this, but a girl in Putnam Hall has been caught and sent before the Judicial Board for having a friend of hers hand her in a pizza after hours through a window.

It seems that in Putnam "all windows and doors are to be kept locked." Therefore, entrance of pizzas is forbidden.

FREE BREAKFAST FOR CHILDREN PROGRAM



Oppression is manifested in many forms and one of the worst signs is Hunger. The Ann Arbor Black Berets are calling on all the people of the community, to see to it that our children are fed. Because Black children sometimes come from homes in which the parents (through no fault of their own) have a hard time providing a nutritious, healthy breakfast, the Black Berets have seen fit to feed these hungry kids before school and to see that they get to school on time.

In order to feed the children we will need a church to prepare the food and serve the kids. We have met with a lot of pessimism in those who claim to be our friends but are content to see children go to school hungry and therefore not ready to learn. If any real friends have any helpful information about a church for this program, contact the Black Beret Party at 413 Third St. #1 or 761-0543.

Lt. Information
Victor Grayson
All Power to the People!
Feed Our Hungry Kids!

GREEKS FIT IMAGE

Some EMU Greeks had some fun at a local pizza place last week. Their behavior was exactly what people have come to expect--a beautiful verification of a popular stereotype.

They were drunk, of course, and disorderly. The girls were enjoying themselves by making passes at all the Greek males in sight while the "men" broke beer pitchers and cursed the employees.

One fine example of middle class training was seen taking money out of a girl's purse.

NEWSREEL STRIKES!

The *Second Coming* arrived at Pittman dormitory last Thursday night to show some Newsreel films. There was a pretty large crowd. After the films we planned to talk with the kids about repression and the necessity for liberation (personal, political) in America. The university administration kindly helped us out by providing some live audiovisual aids: two campus cops.

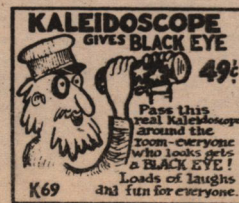
The cops had been called "by the administration" (they refused to mention names) to see if the *Second Coming* was being sold. Back issues were being given away free and some Radical Education Project literature was being sold. (Don't count on this happening again. Always buy your copy.) The cops left after attracting an even larger crowd. About 100 people stayed up until 3 in the morning--those Pittman residents are crazy--talking about the war, racism, and civil liberties.

Where will we strike next? Probably the Pittman Board of Governors will see that it's not Pittman.

UNCLE TOM'S UNCLE TOM

Last Friday some students were sitting outside Uncle Tom Aceto's office waiting to talk to him. Naturally they had a long wait (and never did get to see him) but while they were there they made an interesting observation.

Which was--that there are four offices in the suite that houses the office of the student affairs top dogs (Zumwinkle, Aceto, Linta and Ken Moon). Three of the offices are normally built with plaster walls. However one office is built so that the unfortunate occupant cannot have private conversations. The walls are not really walls but a plaster partition (which doesn't reach the ceiling) with frosted windows. Coincidentally this office belongs to Ken Moon, the Dean of Students Office "token nigger."



Rolling STONED

The Rolling Stones really stoned Detroit, as was evident by the standing-room-only crowd that jammed into Olympia Stadium on November 24. The show was different from most others that have been in Detroit in that you didn't have to worry about coming down before the best act was on. Terry Reid got the show on the road with some music just heavy enough to get you ready to hear the Stones. Reid got a good response, but you could sense the feeling in the crowd that they were there to hear the Stones.

Terry Reid was followed by B. B. King, who was simply dynamite. B. B.'s a dapper dude and is well aware of it. He's a big-time band from way back, as you all must know, and he plays the blues as blue as anyone else, if not better. He did a few numbers, some new material and some old. About the only thing he didn't get into was his album "Live and Well" which has been selling really well.

Both Reid and King played what would usually be termed "short sets." B. B. King was just really getting into it when they cut him off. The reason, I guess, was that the Stones were ready.

By the time the Rolling Stones were on, everyone was so stoned that you could have gotten high by just breathing in the air. From my seat I was able to view people sitting in circles smoking hash and passing joints.

When Mick Jagger walked out in black pants that buttoned up the side and a black shirt with a Resistance sign on it, the crowd flipped out. Throughout his entire set he waved a long red scarf as if it were part of him. The lights went out and massive red spots hit Jagger as he began his set with "Jumpin' Jack Flash." If you've never heard Jagger before, he sings slow and deliberate. No matter how fast the tempo of the song is, Jagger enunciates and undulates each word. Following "Jumpin' Jack Flash" the Stones got into some old rock and roll with the song "Carol." The Stones were positively together and they kept the audience vibrating to every note.

The only bummer of the whole show was the absence of Brian Jones. Once you heard them do "Midnight Rambler" and other new cuts, however, the remembrance leaves your mind. "Midnight Rambler" was probably the heaviest song they played. Jagger backed up against a speaker, got on his knees, and beat the stage with a leather belt as he let out the words to the song. They then let us bleed to the song "Let It Bleed," followed by a high school memory of "Satisfaction," by which time most of the people sitting on the floor had moved against the stage. Their final number was "Street Fightin' Man," which left the crowd craving for more as the Stones left the stage.

If you missed the concert I'd strongly advise you to get into their new album "Let It Bleed." The Stones do a lot of new stuff with their well-known sound, and if you play it loud enough you may wish you had made it to the coast, where they played a free concert this weekend as a "thank you" to the US for the greeting they got.

This is the *Second Coming's* last issue until January. So Merry X-Mas and all that good stuff. As the *Eastern Echo* says "Stay stoned."

Staff for this issue are Barry, Dave, Wendy, Beetle, Marlene, Kathee, Linda, Sue (who does our beautiful headlines), Ken and many more.

YWCA GETS WITH IT

EAST LANSING (LNS-CPS)--The Young Adult Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association has endorsed legalization of marijuana and has called for using YWCA facilities for the dispensation of birth control aids to married and single women alike.

In addition, the "Y" members, all under 35 years of age, came out for the repeal of all abortion laws, in favor of anti-war demonstrations, and for black self-determination.



Mick Jagger in New York

LNS

THE OTHER SIDE
937 WASHINGTON
YPSILANTI-MICH

CULTURAL
 IMPLEMENTS
 BOOKS RECORDS
 COMIX
 BLACKLIGHTS
 POSTERS
 ALL PARANORMALIA

TEL (313) 483-3558

Feb. 20, '69

Last February 20th a confrontation occurred on Eastern's campus over the total failure of the EMU Administration to face the problems of the black students. As a result of that confrontation 13 students were arrested on a variety of charges, which are still pending. Since the Administration's false version of what happened that day has since gotten wide circulation, we reprint here an accurate chronology of events, compiled by the students who were there.

At 7:30 a.m. approximately 50 black students began to assemble at the tennis courts behind Sill Hall in anticipation of a peaceful confrontation with the Administration. After half an hour, they proceeded toward Pierce Hall. While doing this they were approached by two administrators, Dean of Admissions Ralph Gilden and Acting Dean of Students Ed Linta. They proposed a discussion of the grievances and received an indifferent response from the blacks, who considered this proposal to be simply a delaying tactic.

When they entered the administration building, their ranks had swollen to about 150. Once inside, ten blacks went around the building requesting that everyone leave. The demonstrators remained peacefully on the first floor. Chains were then placed on the three main entrances.

This took about 20 minutes. Dean Gilden then approached a few students who he assumed to be "the leaders." He stated, in effect, that there would be no discussion of grievances until the chains were removed. The blacks replied that the chains would be removed after the appearance of President Sponberg and a reporter from the *Michigan Chronicle*, a black newspaper. Dean Gilden then said he would go and talk with Sponberg.

About five minutes after Dean Gilden's exit, a man came out of Sponberg's office and removed the chains from the entrance. Another man came from the basement floor and unchained the Forest Street entrance. In the meantime, police had begun to mobilize outside the building. Inside someone said for the sisters to get in the center of the group for protection, and everyone sat down on the floor.

Ten minutes later eight policemen with riot sticks, helmets, and assorted riot-combat paraphernalia entered through the Forest Street entrance.

One of these officers requested that everyone leave. Receiving no response he said "leave or face arrest." The demonstrators asked what the charge would be, but received no reply. The officer left briefly and then returned. He repeated himself, gave a final warning, and then stated that everyone was under arrest. Receiving no response, he signalled to his associates to begin taking people outside. The demonstrators, assuming that they had all been arrested, stood up. The officers then started forcefully pushing and shoving the blacks toward the door.

They ushered ten brothers outside to a waiting police bus. The attitude of the black students had now become for some fear, for others defiance. A scuffle occurred outside between a police officer and a black student. This further heightened the prevailing tension. Two white students were arrested outside in front of the bus. After everyone was outside, several black students attempted unsuccessfully to overturn the police bus, which then departed for the Washtenaw County Jail. The remaining black students went together to the Union Snack Bar and after a few brief speeches proceeded to Sponberg's house.

There they encountered a line of police stretching entirely across his front yard. Ken Moon, the black "administrative assistant," came out of the house and said that President Sponberg would meet with "the leaders." But inside his house, these students did not see Sponberg at all. Instead, they saw the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Washtenaw County, Booker T. Williams, who told them to leave or face arrest!

They left promptly and relayed this encounter to the 300 students massed outside. These students then went across the street in front of the Catholic Student Center to listen to one student who was there reading off the list of demands. When he finished, another student took his place and condemned the University's unwarranted gestapo tactics. He said, in essence, that we should bring our black brothers here to stop this injustice by whatever means necessary. This student, Robert Smith, was then arrested for voicing these feelings and charged with "incitement to riot," a felony.

After he was taken away by the police, the remaining students went back to the Union where they listened to more speakers.

Then demonstrators in support of the black demands marched back into Pierce Hall, about 600 strong. They staged a sit-in and listened to several black speakers. The demonstration lasted several hours, and around 4 p.m. the demonstrators were informed that no action of any significance had been taken to drop the charges against the arrested students. So, after being threatened by various administrators, they left the building and started raising bail money.



BLACK SOLIDARITY

FREE THE
EASTERN



Friday, Dec. 12 - Black Friday

No Classes

12:00 - 4:00
1:00
2:00
3:00
3:30

Rally in McKenny Union Ballroom
John Watson, editor of the Wayne
State "South End"
Mr. Spearman, president of the
U of M Black Students Lawyers
Alliance
Hamilo & Co., black dancers
Al Wheeler, regional director of
the NAACP

Saturday, Dec. 13

12:00 - 4:00
12:00
1:00
2:00
3:00
8:00
8:00 - 12:00

Rally in McKenny Union Ballroom
Movies: "Civil Rights Period Now!"
"San Francisco State Strike"
Plays by Madina Boe (Africa) and
David Hankins (Detroit)
Panel Discussion: "Sex and Racism"
Slave Sale for Dance
Basketball Game in Bowen Fieldhouse
Dance at McKenny Union Ballroom, 50¢
(with band)

WE RECOGNIZE THIS SLAVE INSTITUTION.
WE CONFRONT THE SLAVE MASTER.
WE ARE THE MASTERS OF OUR MINDS.
WE EXPRESS OURSELVES.



WE ARE THE MASTERS OF OUR MINDS.
WE EXPRESS OURSELVES.

BLACK FRI. DEC. 12th
BLACK SAT. DEC. 13th

23...MANY SONG MYs

*"Over there (in Vietnam), you can't tell who the enemy is. Those women and kids are the enemy too."
--Former Marine Corporal Fino Rivas
of New York City*

By LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

A war of attrition becomes a war of genocide when your enemy is the people. The massacre at Song My was not a fluke. It rests well within overall US policy in Vietnam.

The majority of the people in South Vietnam live in the liberated countryside. Through the hamlet and village elected councils and the people's associations--the farmers', minorities', and women's liberation groups--the Provisional Revolutionary Government has taken shape. Hospitals, schools, land reform, newspapers, people's courts--through the institutions of the people, the people are forming their new nation. Hospitals are hidden in deep caves, their access tunnels reaching as far as ten miles. Schools are set up in forest clearings; they disappear with the approach of US troops.

This is the US's enemy. The only strategy the US could have chosen to fight the Vietnamese People's War is the one they chose: to destroy the people, their culture, their land.

New York Times Vietnam War reporter Tom Buckley wrote in a November 23 article about the nature of this war against the people:

Saigon and Washington have chosen another method. "We are blasting their villages right out from under them," a young American in the pacification program told me. To fly over the Delta or the Central Lowlands is to see the truth of that statement--bomb craters beyond counting, the dead gray and black fields, forests that have been defoliated and scorched by napalm, land that has been ploughed flat to destroy Vietcong hiding places. And everywhere can be seen the piles of ashes, forming the outlines of huts and houses, to show where hamlets once stood.

Few refugees from Vietcong-controlled areas say that they left their villages to show their support for the Government....It is simply a matter of choosing between staying alive or being killed by bombs, shells, or small arms fire. The American command has blocked off vast areas under Vietcong control as "free-fire zones." Anything that moves there can be shot on sight, and the inhabitants remain there at their great peril. The land is being purged and purified by fire.

With many of the most powerful men in America now wanting the US out of Vietnam, the news media have an interest in reporting at least bits and pieces of the truth concerning the war. In the last few weeks, the mass media have reported not only the Song My massacre, but also a number of other American war atrocities, including the following:

CHICAGO (LNS)--The *Chicago Sun-Times* has printed photographs which show a Vietnamese war prisoner plummeting to his death after being pushed from a US Army helicopter. The newspaper also printed the letter and the photo captions written by the pilot-photographer who took the pictures.

The letter begins: "Enclosed are two prize pictures, by far the best I've shot in a long time. I was on flying escort for that C.C. [Command and Control] ship.

"Anyway, the guy was picked up along with two others in a tunnel complex under a rice paddy. They called us in to destroy it with rockets and miniguns.

"They took these three jokers up in our C.C. ship for interrogation. This guy wouldn't talk, so out he went. Funny, the other two didn't stop talking after that, and a lot of valuable information was gained."

The first photo shows the prisoner dangling head down from the open hatch of the helicopter. The photographer's caption reads: "'Uncle Nguyen' takes a look at the world from 5000 feet--upside down. I would imagine he's a little upset about now--but not as upset as he'll be in a few minutes. I was in radio contact with the C.C. ship, and John the pilot was keeping me informed. I could hear that guy screaming in my earphones when John keyed his mike."

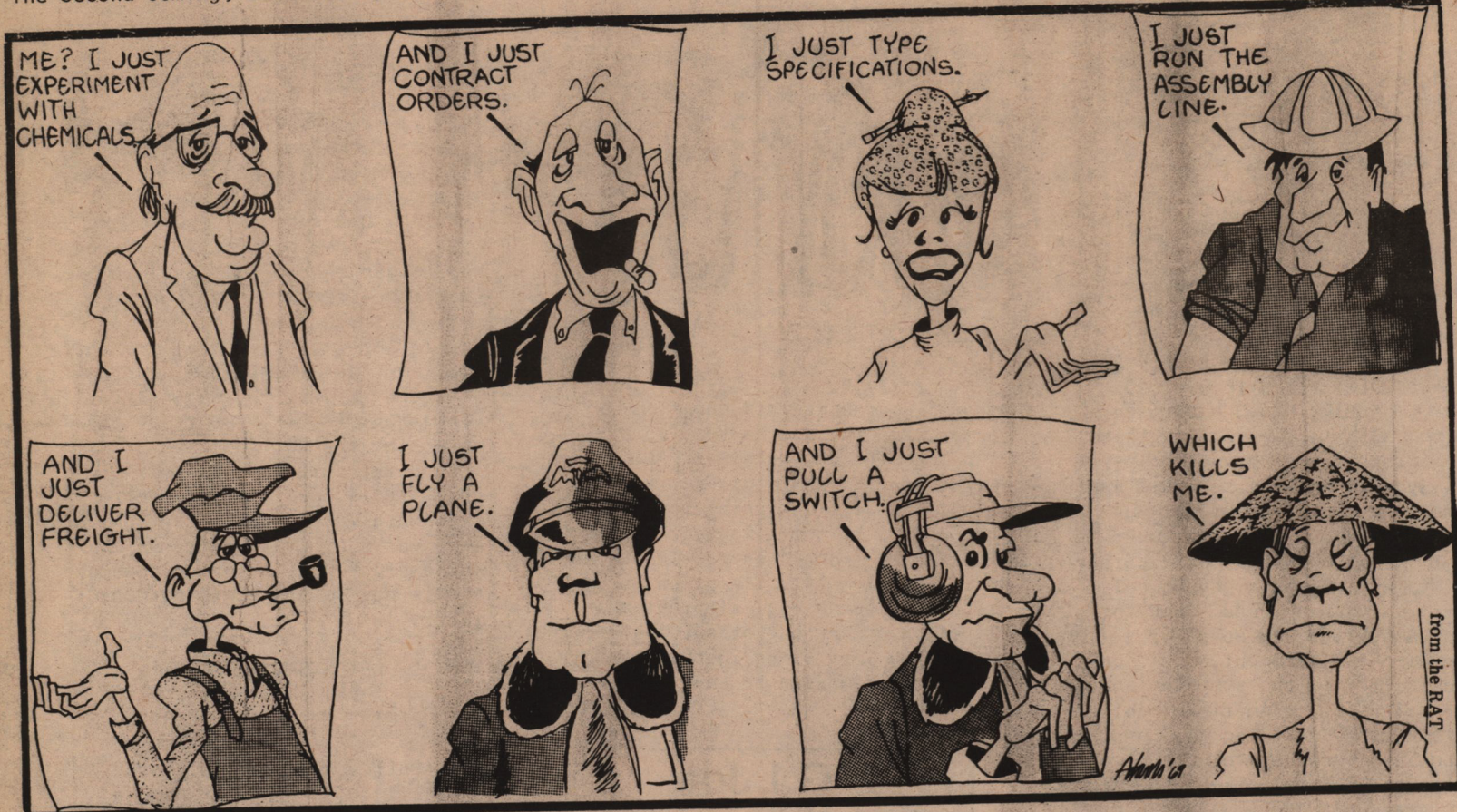
The second photo, showing the prisoner falling to his death, bears the caption by the photographer: "And here he takes a sky dive without the aid of a parachute. Instant paratrooper. My ship followed him down and we found him. The picture isn't too pretty --but the whole episode had good results as the other two 'Charlies' told us everything we wanted to know. I bet they were nervous. The next day four arms caches were found as a result of this incident."

"VILLAGE HUTS FOR TARGET PRACTICE"

WASHINGTON, DC (LNS)--An Army doctor stationed at Fort Ord, California, reported a massacre which occurred last summer in Don Tam, a village in the Mekong Delta. The doctor, then a medical officer, observed that the company commander of the Ninth Infantry "ordered his men to use village huts for target practice.

"When the occupants came streaming out of the huts, they were shot down, many of them in the same manner as we've been told occurred at Song My."

The incident was made public by Representative Lionel Van Deerling, to whom the Army doctor had reported it. The Pentagon has "begun an investigation."



Indianapolis Free Press/UPS

CIVILIANS SHOT DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS

FOND DU LAC, Wisconsin (*The Paper-LNS*)--A war veteran here, discharged 15 months ago, says the slaughter of Vietnamese women and children was commonplace in his outfit. "It turned my stomach," he said.

Terry Reid, 22, says he served in the same brigade as 1st Lt. William L. Calley Jr., who is charged with the slaying of 109 Vietnamese in March of 1968 at Song My. Reid's outfit, however, was serving in another area northwest of Chu Lai. He was a private in Company B, Fourth Battalion, Third Infantry, 11th Light Brigade, Americal Division. Calley was in the 20th Infantry.

News stories about Calley's case, Reid says, prompted him to tell his story. Until now, he says, he has tried to put the atrocities out of his mind.

"I, with many of my comrades, have seen at least 100 Vietnamese lying in rice paddies shot--women taken for intercourse and then shot." In the seven months he was in combat, Reid says, he saw only one dead enemy soldier with a gun in his hand. "Our company was credited with hundreds of kills. In the first fire fight our company encountered, my platoon alone accounted for forty kills. Yet no one in my platoon saw a body.

"But while serving in Vietnam, I witnessed many civilians being shot down like clay pigeons. I soon discovered what power orders from above could do to young men."

Reid recalls an assault action: "We landed in choppers in a mine field. Two or three of our fellows touched land mines and were blown up. Our platoon went in different directions. Ours was nearest a village, about 200 yards away. We shot into the village at people walking around. There you are with machine guns and they have none. We counted 60 dead--women,

children, and maybe a few old decrepit men."

Reid said that when his unit came back to that village the next day the sixty bodies were gone, and new mines had been planted. That meant the enemy was in the area.

He remembers a similar incident. His platoon was walking single file, past a hamlet. Some of the troops took "fun shots" at pigs and chickens outside a hut.

Then they fired into the hut.

"Two wounded women came out of the hut, screaming and asking for help. One woman was breast-feeding a child and a bullet had ricocheted across her forehead. The other woman was hit in the leg. After all this was done, word came up from the captain at the rear that no women were to be shot. If they don't clarify this--'no women are to be shot'--it is free game," Reid said.

What is meant by "free game"?

"All young male Vietnamese are supposed to be in the Army. If you see one and he is not in the Army, he is free game to be shot," Reid explained.

"One day as we were moving along, we saw a young man in a rice paddy with a water buffalo. Since he did not belong there, one of our men shot him. We found no gun near him but he wasn't supposed to be there.

"To me the war was being ambushed by the Vietcong every three to five days, being left with scores of wounded GI's, then coming right back at the enemy by going into an innocent village, destroying and killing people. I tried to convince myself everything I was doing was right until I could stomach it no more. I thought maybe I was chicken but there was no chicken-ness involved."

VIET NAM — LOVE IT or LEAVE IT!

VIETNAM SOUR GRAPES

The Pentagon has increased its grape shipments to American soldiers in Vietnam by 350 per cent, an average of eight pounds per fighting man. In the first six months of 1969 the military bought 8 million pounds of grapes as compared to 7.5 million in the three preceding years combined. It is estimated that the Pentagon's 1969 grape purchases will reach 16,000,000 pounds. South Vietnam has risen from the 25th to the world's third largest importer of grapes. The striking farm workers see this as a direct attempt by powerful business interests within the government to break their boycott. Since they are denied the right of collective bargaining, and since they cannot appeal to any board or agency of the government, their only power lies in the sympathy and cooperation of the American public. Your tax money is being used by big business deliberately to block an attempt by farm workers to gain the rights enjoyed by almost every other labor group in the country.

SAIGON STUDENT GROUP PRAISE U.S. ANTIWAR MOVEMENT

SAIGON (LNS)--The Saigon Student Union, with a membership of 10,000 Vietnamese students, mostly at Saigon University, scored the Nixon Administration's "Vietnamization" program in a letter to United States college students on December 1. The letter praised American antiwar demonstrators for being "very brave and clairvoyant" and attacked Nixon's claims that the United States wanted a "genuine peace" while promoting a strategy requiring South Vietnamese soldiers to fight even more than they do now.

"We do not want anyone to teach us the way to kill," said the union. "Millions of Vietnamese have died in vain, so we hate war and we do not want our people destroyed or sacrificed for any inhuman policy."

SON UNLIKE FATHER

NEW YORK (LNS)--The chief military negotiator at the Paris talks is Lt. Gen. Frederick C. Weyand, former commander of the 25th Division of the US Army in Hawaii and a veteran of Vietnam combat.

The general's son, Robert Weyand, has refused to follow in his father's bloody footsteps. Young Weyand, now a resident of London, was discharged from the Army when he refused to complete training at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. His rejection of the war and the military (he had been a draftee) followed his growing up college and a career with the National Security Agency.

Shorts

DOESN'T BOTHER HIM

Jim Kain, a clean-shaven, 22-year-old graduate student from Alabama (at MIT) said he felt no personal guilt about his work at MIT's war research laboratories.

"What I'm designing may one day be used to kill millions of people," he said. "I don't care. That's not my responsibility. I'm given an interesting technological problem and I get enjoyment out of solving it." --The New York Times in the wake of a radical campaign to shut down the war labs.



SOLDIERS VOTE WITH THEIR FEET: ARMY DESERTIONS UP 300%

NEW YORK (LNS)--The Army used to have the final word. Bucking the military was like fighting City Hall --futile, completely hopeless. Not any more. Now, GIs are saying NO to the army in increasing numbers.

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, 500 GIs desert every day of the week.

Army life is bad. It always has been. The food's no good, the work is rotten, the discipline absurd. These are standards. Why then asks the *WSJ*, has the desertion rate tripled in the past three years? Obviously it's the war.

GIs in Vietnam are deserting US lines at the rate of 10 a day, according to figures in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Some GIs switch sides and fight with the Provisional Revolutionary Government; others roam the countryside, trying not to get caught. Another report in the *Okinawa Star Journal* says there are at least 3,000 American GIs hiding in Saigon.

LET'S SAY IT RIGHT

It seems that some of the military information staff in Saigon had begun to slip out of government approved parlance--they were calling the MACV Daily Press Briefings the "Five O' Clock Follies," and even worse than that casual irreverence, they sometimes spoke of the Viet Cong as the National Liberation Front. The military realizes that once you lose the kind of language you need to call the war in Vietnam Commie aggression, you're on the way to losing the war. So the brass issued the following glossary, which tells how to obfuscate reality and help the war effort. (The memo was sent to the *Chicago Journalism Review* by a former newsman who is now US Army Information Officer.)

LET'S SAY IT RIGHT

INCORRECT	CORRECT
Ruff-Puff.....	Regional Forces/ Popular Forces (or RF/PF)
VC Tax Collect- ors.....	VC Extortionists
National Liber- ation Front.....	Viet Cong
South Vietnam...	Republic of Viet- nam (RVN)
Peoples Libera- tion Army.....	Viet Cong
Five O'Clock Follies.....	MACV Daily Brief- ings (or Daily Press Briefings)
Democratic Re- public of Viet- nam.....	North Vietnam
Peoples Army of North Vietnam...	North Vietnamese Army
South Vietnam- ese Army.....	Army of the Repub- lic of Vietnam
Mercenary.....	Civilian Irregular Defense Group Sol- dier or volunteer
Search and De- stroy.....	Search and Clear
Body Count.....	Enemy deaths or killed
5th VC Division (also 9th VC Division).....	Do not use unless clarified in same sentence that these divisions are 80% to 90% North Viet- nam Army
Hamburger Hill...	Hill #937
US Troop With- drawal.....	Redeployment (or replacement)
Hearts and Minds of the People...	Develop community spirit or equival- ent descriptive phrases
Troops used to bait the enemy...	Never to be used
Special Forces Camp (Vietnam- ese).....	CIDG Camp
Deserter/Defec- tor (VC).....	Rallier or Returnee

Inside

FABULOUS FREAK FABLES

BY Gilbert Shelton



FLORIDA GOVERNOR CALLS DR. MEAD A
"DIRTY OLD LADY"

Governor Claude Kirk Jr. of Florida denounced Dr. Margaret Mead as a "dirty old lady" for advocating the legalization of marijuana for persons over 16.

Calling the famous anthropologist "that throwback lady," Kirk said his twin 15-year-old sons are taught patriotism and morality in the classroom, "but when they get home from school, they see a television set with this dirty old lady on it--and I hope she hears what I said!" (LNS)



By NEB U. TALL

WARNING!!!

All red-blooded American boys and girls...be on the lookout for some of them dirty, hippie, commie, pinko faggots that are all over the place.

Some of them are reported not to have cut their hair in almost two months--can you believe it--that must be un-American!

In a carefully-planned invasion, the dirty hippies are infiltrating the Ypsilanti area with what those dirty scum call "Lebanese red" and "killer blond" hashish. Remember, these are such potent drugs that someone can be incapacitated with as little as one-eighth of a gram.

Hashish, you recall from Sunday school, is a drug used to dope up Middle East assassins.

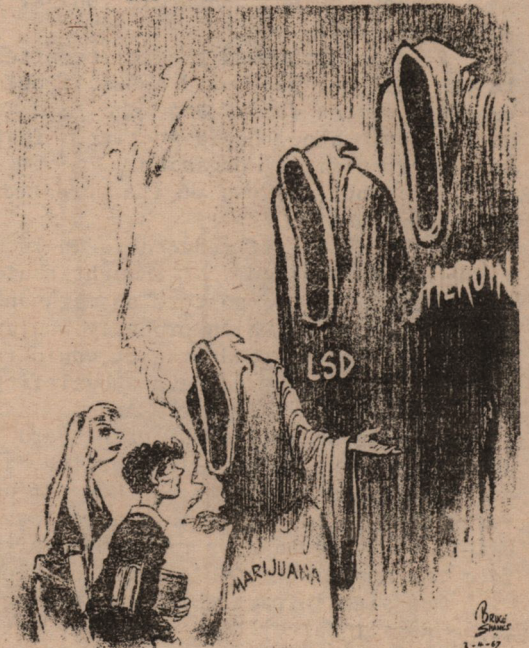
Also, these drug-crazed dope addicts have been known to actually enjoy their "trips" on some "purple ozone" capsules that they refer to as mescaline. There is still supposed to be some of that depraved drug around, but you must avoid it. It is as dangerous as rat poison!

To make the picture of our fair Ypsilanti even more dark, some of these lousy slum dwellers have actually told me to my face that something called "Gold" is starting to come into the area. By this they probably mean "marijuana," which our stalwart police know leads straight to heroin addiction.

Why, one low-life even offered it to me to try, and of course I didn't want to let on my true feelings about it, so I tried it. I tell you, it is so potent that they should find the evil pervert who laid it on me and make him smoke it all--it would serve him right.

So WATCH OUT, kids, don't any of you God-fearing self-respecting hard-working people get caught in the trap set by them pinko faggots. One of them is out "turning people on," but boy I'd sure like to run into him again and "open his mind."

“Let Me Introduce You—”



REV. BARSKY TO OPEN
FREE STORE

OK, kiddies, here it is. Rev. David Barsky is opening a FREE store this week. That's a store where everything is free, for those of you who didn't know.

If you have anything that can be used by anyone--excluding garbage and junk--contact him or any of the other people working to make the store a reality.

Free stores have made it in California, so they can make it in Ypsitucky.

Remember, anything is free if you know how to get it.



RIF RAPS ON

(Editor's Note: Bernie Riff was, until recently, a geometry teacher at Ypsilanti High School. In the following interview he tells us about his firing and about the reality of working in an American high school.)

Second Coming: When did you get the notice that you were fired?

Riff: I received the notice after Thanksgiving in the mail. I had heard about it beforehand from a reporter on the *Ypsi Press*, who told me what happened at a recent school board meeting. That's when they made their official decision.

SC: What did you do that created all this antipathy toward you?

Riff: Well, it reduced to an issue of a bulletin board in my classroom. I thought that rather than cover it with a lot of posters on math and so forth that I would make--and which probably wouldn't get too much response from the students--it would really be beneficial to the students to have a bulletin board that they could use as they saw fit. And so I said that they could put anything up on the bulletin board that they thought other people would find interesting, as long as they put their names on anything they put up. I kind of restricted it to things that were legal. But even within those boundaries problems started developing from the Administration's point of view.

One sign in particular, referring to Sheriff Harvey--"Recall Harvey the Pig"--they criticized that most. They contended that they wanted the bulletin board down, but also that it was that sign they were primarily concerned about. The Superintendent requested that, in the future, I submit anything that went up on the bulletin board to the Principal for approval. I told him I couldn't submit to that. There were a lot of discussions, and there were a number of other issues that had grown up prior to this and were worked out between us. The Superintendent also wanted me to refrain from having any discussions in the classroom that didn't directly relate to the curriculum, although the Principal was a little more honest about it. He said he didn't want any controversy in the classroom.

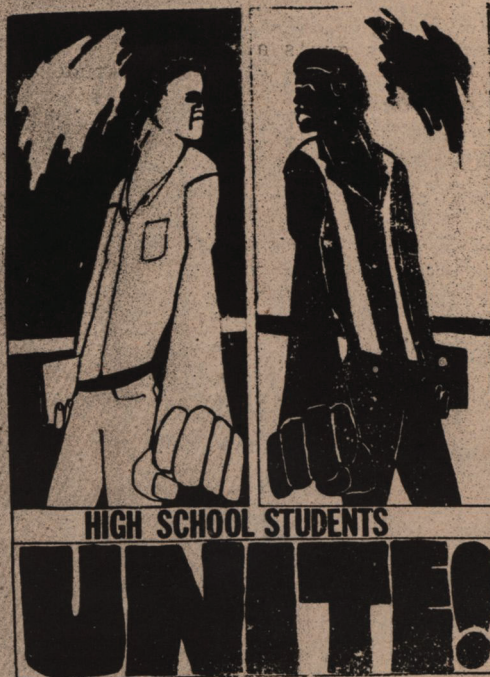
Contradictions and the Secret Memo

But we worked out some of those issues. I said that I wouldn't have any discussions outside of the curriculum. I thought that I could deal with that sort of thing outside of school if I wanted to talk to students; we could set up appointments or something like that. Another thing he was very critical of was my teaching methods in the classroom. He felt that it wasn't structured enough for the students, and he wanted me to "reassess" my teaching style. I thought this was a broad enough request and that I could certainly meet it.

What struck me most was the fact that there were real contradictions in his requests. As far as asking me to reassess my teaching style, I thought one of the really good things about the way I was teaching in the classroom was that it allowed each student to learn much more at his own rate, and learn in the way that he felt most comfortable, without my telling him exactly how he should be learning, or what he should be learning, in precisely what way. I thought that by giving them a lot of leeway I could deal with students much more individually and handle their problems individually, and in that way tailor what was happening in the classroom much more closely to the individual students. However, the Superintendent wanted me to re-evaluate my individually-oriented teaching style in

consideration of students who needed "structure," and it seemed that he wanted me to re-evaluate exclusively to their demands. I didn't see exactly how he would resolve that kind of contradiction for himself--that he wanted me to tailor my teaching methods to one segment of students instead of to a much broader group. I felt a lot of students had adjusted very well to the problem of structure.

Another issue that seemed to raise real contradictions for me was that the Superintendent received what he described as an "unsolicited memorandum"--a letter from the police saying that I was a member of SDS. When I asked him for a copy of that letter, so that I could find out who the accuser was so that I could sue him--I'm not a member of SDS--he refused to give it to me, making comments about how "it's a confidential file," et cetera, et cetera. I asked him how he could reconcile the fact that one moment he wanted me to remove material from the bulletin board that he viewed as "defamatory to the character of a public official," since he didn't like the poster about Harvey, and at the same time refuse to give me a copy of a letter which I felt wasn't true and wanted to take to court. It got me really upset to hear him say that you're not permitted to say certain things about a public official but you can say anything you want about a teacher. In particular, the statement on the bulletin board could be published in any newspaper in America and it would be perfectly legal, whereas the statement about me I felt was illegal. But he said he wouldn't give it to me, and at one point he threatened to destroy it. He finally said, "Well, if you want it you'll have to get a subpoena for it."



Loraine County Free Press/UPS

Ypsi High, Racism, and "Tracking"

SC: What kind of school is Ypsilanti High School?

Riff: A very unusual school, with a very unique mixture of various types of students. The economic background of students ranges from lower class to upper class, and so does the educational background. I think it's caused by the fact that you've got a university here in town, and a factory, and lots of different influences in the community. A large number of black students.

The Second Coming, December 9, 1969

WASH DC HIGH

SC: What percentage of the school is black?

Riff: 20 to 25 percent. That was something that struck me as very interesting. When I began teaching it became clear, although I was really surprised when I first heard that figure. There were very few black students in my class, and a large part of the reason is that I was teaching a college-bound curriculum, and in talking to students, both black and white, I got the impression that students were discouraged from moving out of the "tracks" they were originally placed in. It seemed as though the "track system" was very rigid, and it was very difficult for a student placed in a lower track to get out of it. In other words, because of some decision that a teacher made in junior high school, a kid was condemned to a specific track that would probably prevent him from going to college.

SC: How was the racial situation there at Ypsi High?

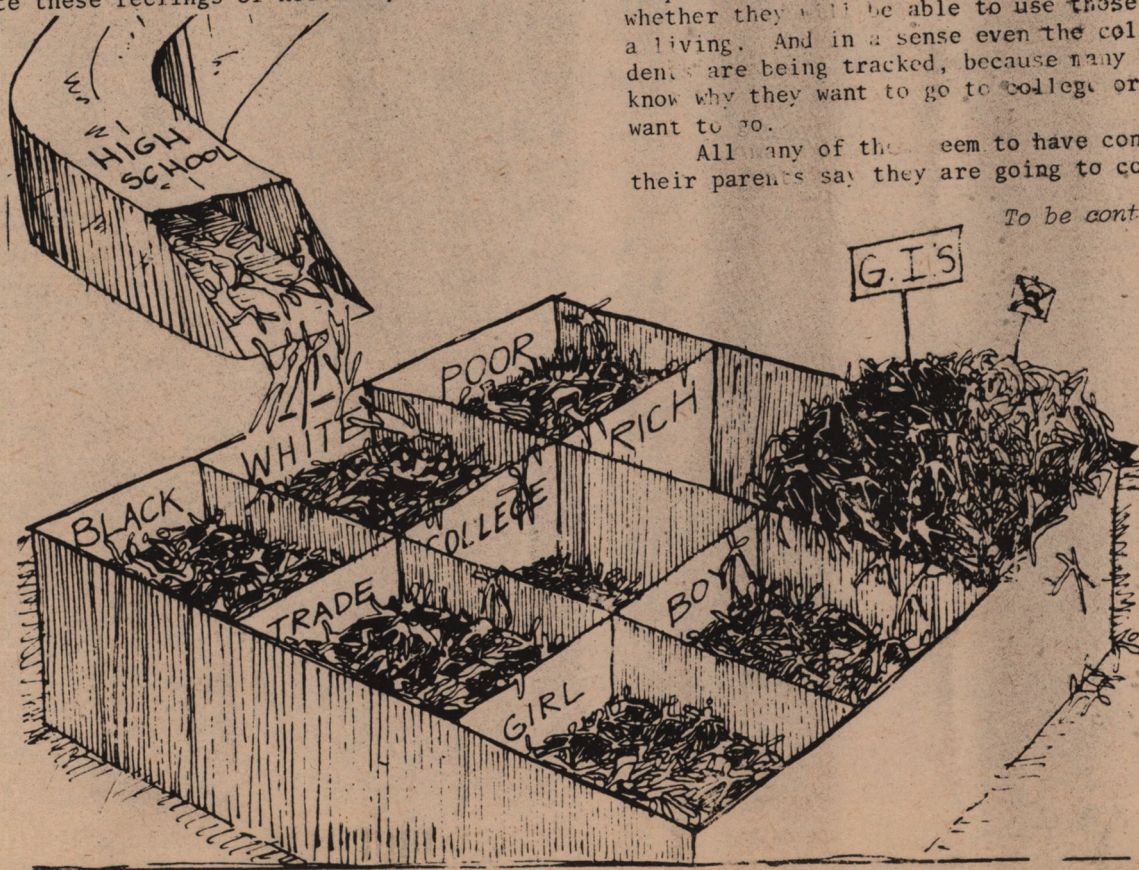
Riff: My impression of the racial situation is that it's very tense. A lot of hostility between the black and white students. I think there's a great deal of misunderstanding between them.

SC: Are there any violent confrontations? Not political, but pushing in the halls, name-calling, maybe fistfights after school?

Riff: I've observed a number of situations where students were calling each other names, and I've heard about fights.

SC: What kind of names do they call each other?

Riff: One student would call black students "nigger," "colored boy," "boy," things like that. It seems as though in some instances the black students just take it. Every once in a while I hear of a white student getting beat up. But one of the things I really felt bad about was the students seemed to be viewing the issues as though they were isolated problems, as though the racism the students express or the things that they do are kind of personal, individual problems: "This guy's a bad guy." And very rarely have I come in contact with black students who are thinking in broader terms and beginning to think about whether the institutions in the school and their environment create these feelings of hostility.



SC: Do the black students realize how they're being "tracked" into a lower level of achievement? Or don't they care?

Riff: I would say that they don't realize it. Some don't realize it. Some don't care. The situation is very similar for both blacks and women in school in the sense that the same kind of tracking goes on. For instance, the school boasts of having lots of vocational courses like auto shop, and says it's making an effort to prepare students for jobs in these areas, but at the same time it's interesting to note that the automobile industry is looking into the possibility of stopping production of the internal combustion engine auto and beginning production of other types. Which means that some of the training that the students are getting may wind up being useless. These students are being prepared for jobs that either won't exist by the time they graduate or won't exist five or ten years from now, when they'll be in an even worse position as far as retraining goes.

SC: Do they have the girls learn shorthand?

Riff: There are courses for the women in areas such as "family living," where they are taught their role in society. It is emphasized that the woman's place is in the home; either in the home or in, say, typing courses or shorthand courses.

SC: Shorthand is really a silly skill to learn now, because businesses are changing to using things like dictaphones, and it very seldom happens that a secretary actually takes dictation.

Riff: In another sense this problem comes up again. Government studies on future job areas seem to indicate that the greatest demand for manpower in the future will be in managerial positions, positions that are going to demand a college education. And there's going to be a real decrease in people needed for other areas, particularly unskilled labor, and also skilled labor--factory workers--as automation increases more and more. So even students who are being trained in what might be considered very valuable skills like plumbing or carpentry cannot know whether there will be places for them when they get out of school, and whether they will be able to use those skills to make a living. And in a sense even the college-bound students are being tracked, because many of them don't know why they want to go to college or whether they want to go.

All many of the seem to have concluded is that their parents say they are going to college.

To be continued next issue

LNS

WOMEN IN COMMUNES

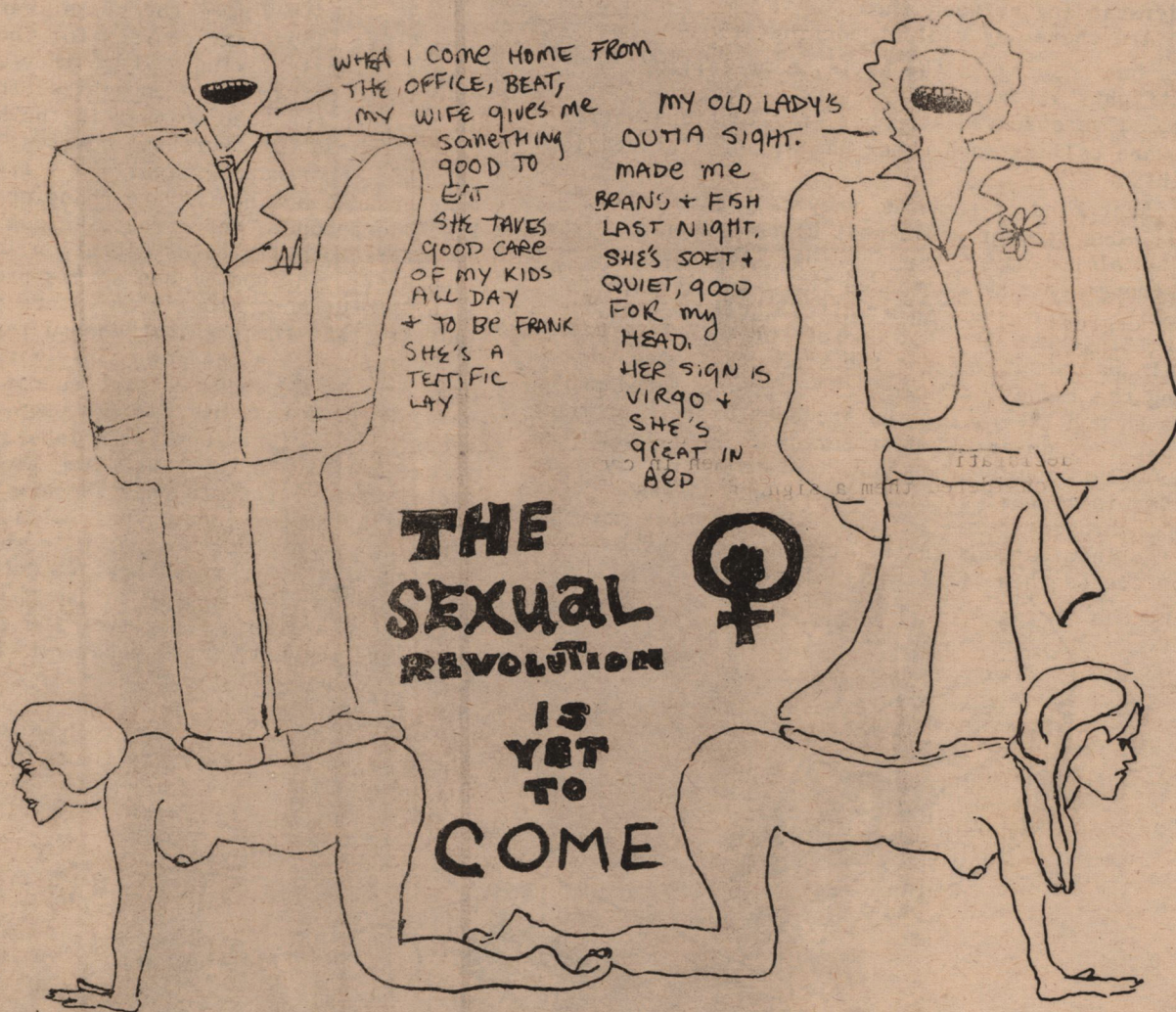
By KIT LEDER (FROM WOMEN: A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION)

The first time I picked up an ax, I felt a sense of failure. Twenty-two years of inactivity, a few isolated attempts--pretending to paint the house with water while my brother, who was only a year older than I, did the real job; or being told to do the dishes instead of mowing the lawn, if there wasn't enough food, to leave more for the men.... At twenty-two I still feel young--at least young enough--but that's a long time to spend in prison.

What I learned about the ax is true of most kinds of physical work: use your head, and the ax does the work for you. I learned to hit the log first at one angle, then at another, forging a "V" into the trunk; I learned that the thicker the log, the wider the angle

most white middle class women (and men) assume that such activity is beyond the scope of women's potential, calmly ignoring the trusty old pioneer women, the women in rural areas who still chop wood every day--and even the ones who live in the less affluent part of the city, who more often than not work a hard day to earn a wage that barely supports a family, then work as their own housekeepers for no pay and no recognition. The assumption that women are "weak things" is a middle class luxury. For lower class women, the opposite myth is more convenient: Women are good at tedious (and physically difficult) shit work.

Certain tasks have to be done every day in nearly every living situation (although we often exaggerate addenda into the essential; furniture wax is both a



had to be; that the ax should come down of its own weight, guided by the hands, and that the arms and body should follow through, just as in swinging a baseball bat. The first day it was hard work--I kept missing the log, and I got tired very easily. The second day was not so bad. Now I'm no longer afraid of the ax. There are different kinds of weakness--the kind that grows in the mind, the kind that the body feels if it never has been used--and the weakness of bullshitting yourself by assuming you can't do something.

The world we live in moves so incredibly fast that it is very easy to avoid asking what we can do, and more important, what we like to do. Conditioned we are. For instance, any woman who lives in the city

luxury and a cruel oppression) but this world never offers us a chance to "start again," with a lump of labor and a group of undifferentiated human beings, so that everyone can decide what he or she really prefers to do, and in the process become not just man or woman, but human.

Something approximating such a chance occurred this summer for a small group of people living on a farm commune. There were twelve of us, give or take a few, for most of the summer, doing work which consisted of planting, weeding, pulling trees, and harvesting, as well as chopping wood, cooking over an open fire, washing clothes, and keeping the tents and the camp clean. There was no running water, which made

housekeeping chores a little more difficult, and no electricity, which meant that some of the work, like washing the dinner dishes, was usually done in the dark.

Even though there was no society-dictated division of labor, even though we had complete freedom to determine the division of labor for ourselves, a well-known pattern emerged immediately. Women did most of the cooking, all of the cleaning up, and of course, the washing. They also worked in the fields all day--so that after the farm work was finished, the men could be found sitting around talking and taking naps while the women prepared supper. In addition to that, one of the women remained in camp every day in order to cook lunch. It was always a woman who did this, never a man. Of course, the women were excused from some of the tasks; for example, none of us ever drove the tractor. That was considered too complicated for a woman. We never would have had to haul wood or chop it if we hadn't wanted to.

Does this story sound exaggerated? I think it is true that even men who verbally condone the liberation of women would tend to react the same way in a similar situation, as the result of conditioning. It is true that to some extent our group was free of the dictates of society last summer--but of course we weren't free of our cultural conditioning, which exists outside of society's institutions, and is, in fact, embodied in the individual. The men in our group were exhibiting a collective system of belief based on early training.

The women, too, had much to overcome, and we had to consciously organize ourselves to face the oppressive conditions which we were partially responsible for creating. We were a minority, and most of us were unattached; we were all between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four; all of us had thought and read, in varying degrees, about the problems which women face. We began holding private caucuses in the woods, far enough from camp so that we could feel free from any stray masculine ears. These meetings were not held in secret, though we said little about them, but they were considered a declaration of war by the men in camp, and in a sense we considered them a sign of secession from the normal order of life as predetermined by the men, and by our own maimed outlooks.

In the meetings we discussed day-to-day experiences in the camp, related them to what we had gleaned from the past and the condition of women in general, and began to educate ourselves by reading and sharing knowledge. Our strategy was a total re-orientation of our images of what we could and could not do.

One of our tactics was complete non-response to hostility on the part of the men. We had to learn to differentiate between a legitimate attempt to discuss women's liberation and sheer harassment. To the former we would willingly respond; the latter met with neutral silence. In order to forcibly shift the division of labor, we began doing other chores around dinner time. Collecting and chopping wood was an activity which was often neglected in the course of the day, so after our regular farm work, we would turn to the wood instead of the pots. We tried to discover and do things that needed to be done for the maintenance of the camp--building rather than cleaning.

If a tense situation arose, where a sister was uncertain how to react, there was usually another sister nearby, and a smile, a hand on the arm, or just the knowledge of concern, helped everyone keep calm. We felt that consistency and complete discipline in regard to our willingness to work were of utmost significance in showing the males that our intent was not to humiliate them, but to work toward a more healthy environment for everyone concerned.

Our experiment was a colossal failure. In analyzing what went wrong, it is probably unfair to place the blame completely on the men's inability to understand. Yet, as a woman, that is the only conclusion I can come to. A lot of dusty old myths were dragged

out and shoved in our faces: you don't work fast enough; a man can't even get a decent meal around this place unless he cooks it for himself; before you learn to drive a tractor, learn to get the dishes clean (I don't want you fucking with my tractor, baby); is there something wrong with your sex life? you want to be just like a man....

For several weeks we lived in two separate camps. If we went gathering wood at dinner time, the men cooked ...for themselves only. They washed their own dishes, but never the pots and pans that the food had come from. In the field we were a separate women's brigade. All day we worked together and talked liberation, separate from the men.

Those were happy days! Left alone, we taught ourselves, feeling free to be clumsy at first, knowing that we wouldn't laugh at each other. I think we all began to develop confidence in our ability to do things, and my own physical endurance increased tremendously. I had no reason to let a man take over, ever. I think my sisters and I learned to love and value each other as women seldom can when they are divided from each other and forced to compete for recognition by the men in their lives--forced to compete much in the same way that capitalism forces men to compete against each other. In each case, it is the best position in the pecking order that determines how people act toward each other.

The fact that half of the women involved with the farm commune project are no longer there, and that the other half are consciously compromising in order to insure the success of the farm, is a testimony to the long fight which we all face. The inability of the men to respond to our attempts to liberate ourselves seems to be an indication that now is the time to isolate, to learn, to build, and if necessary, when we have the strength, to force a change that must come if we are to be free. Cultural change, through the breaking of boundary conditions on behavior, will have to occur, and can only occur, through a conscious re-orientation of our own self-images.



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COWBOYS and INDIANS

By WENDY CAHILL

"Easy Rider" was advertised as "the story of a man who went looking for America...and couldn't find it anywhere." This is misleading, because "Easy Rider" is a very American film and all the characters are very American characters. All Peter Fonda had to do was look within his own heart and he would have found enough of America to keep him busy for a long time.

The most famous American archetype (or standard character) is Natty Bumppo, created by James Fenimore Cooper. Captain America is a modern version of Natty Bumppo. Other versions familiar to all us American kiddies are Wild Bill Hickock, the Lone Ranger, Matt Dillon, and the Cisco Kid. They are all variants on the "cool phallus" theme. The "cool phallus" is a man who naturally commands, who is at home in every situation, women go crazy over him but he can take 'em or leave 'em. His real love is his horse (motorcycle). However, he is a great lover when his interest is captured. He's handsome (always), omniscient, and never farts.

Billy also represents an archetype of sorts, a junior archetype. Call him the "brother-in-law" or comical sidekick. He has certain redeeming characteristics and a sloppy charm. Unlike the cool phallus, he is always horny and can't hold his liquor. He is likely to be lame, fat, Indian or Mexican. As the c.p. is born to lead, the brother-in-law is born to follow.

The c.p. and the brother-in-law are essentially an outlaw team. They exist in a world of Indians and homesteaders but are neither. They do not represent a culture and do not reproduce. Historically, they learned skills from Indians and then used the skills (tracking, hunting, etc.) against the Indians while working for the homesteaders or the US Army.

Outlaws live in isolation, traveling constantly on motorcycles or horses. They are historically violent. The members of the team love each other deeply, but have trouble talking to one another. As a team they take on the characteristics of the c.p.--homesteader and Indian women go wild over them.

The Indians in "Easy Rider" are represented by the communal people. They do not travel alone and they have community. They reproduce and create culture. "Easy Rider" shows a tenuous alliance between the commune people and the bikers. This has historically been the case: Natty Bumppo died in an Indian village with his adopted Indian son by his side. Outlaws have always been fascinated by Indian life. To a great extent this is because both are reviled by the dominant group, the homesteaders.

Billy and Captain America are out of place in the commune. Billy sees the place as a hippie whorehouse, and while Captain America is too sensitive for that view--sensitivity, like good table manners, becomes appropriate for the cool phallus on certain occasions--you never learn what his opinion is. We do know that he accepts their women, acid and dope, and their food (the commodities are arranged in order of importance) and never gives anything in return. They could have used some of his cocaine money.

There is a basic contradiction between the two life styles. Outlaws live alone and act as exploiters. They are committed to competitive and authoritarian lives and relationships. This comes out in the dialogue between George and Billy. George is talking about a society in which repression is eliminated and in which there are no leaders. Billy and Captain America don't relate to that at all. It's too bad that George never made it to that commune, or a better



Fifth Estate/UPS

one, because he just might have wanted to stay there.

The important thing to realize is that the Billy/Captain America relationship is not a relationship of equals. Captain America is the adolescent leader, every young boy's fantasy, and Billy is his opposition. Captain America needs Billy to enhance his own luster: you can't be a leader unless you have a follower. In this sense the Captain America/Billy relationship is ultimately hung-up, destructive, and inarticulate. The "cool phallus" concept is rooted in a culture that is both adolescent and competitive--in which the young males must mold themselves to fit a superhuman yet meaningless role.

Both communal people and outlaws are outcast groups. They have a lot in common and in recent years the communal types have been making overtures to the outlaws (Ginsberg and the Hell's Angels; also see Thomas Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*), but they are not the same people.

The ultimate conflict comes when you have to decide whether to find freedom by working and living with your friends or by doing your thing alone on a motorcycle.

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NEWSREEL WILL RETURN TO THE EMU
CAMPUS NEXT THURSDAY WITH 2 FILMS

San Francisco State Strike--The Third World Liberation Front (Blacks, Chicanos and Chinese-Americans) strike on hard-felt needs and deliberate administration blocking. White students support the strike, and even faculty members act on their own trade union demands. The oppressively discriminatory tracking system--pioneered in California--and going into effect across the nation--and police terrorism are carefully documented. 30 Min.

Day of the Plane Hunters--A Vietnamese documentary of daily life of a women's anti-aircraft unit in the North. Working in the fields, caring for children, eating, horsing around, and shooting down an American bomber. 15 Min.

THE FILMS WILL BE SHOWN IN THE
UNION AND IN AT LEAST ONE DORM

HIP POCRATES



Copyright 1969
by Eugene Schoenfeld, MD

QUESTION: I had intercourse for the first time last night (I'm 17 years old). I have heard that it's supposed to be painful the first time, but it didn't hurt and I didn't bleed.

What I am wondering about is whether there are any signs that would show I'm pregnant (morning sickness, etc.)?

Could you please answer this soon? I'm very frightened.

ANSWER: The first sign of pregnancy is usually a missed menstrual period. Other early signs are a feeling of fullness and enlargement of the breasts, darkening of the nipples and nausea and vomiting, especially in the morning. Laboratory tests for pregnancy can now be done in a matter of minutes. A sample of urine or blood is taken ten to fourteen days after the missed period.

Many girls experience no pain or bleeding when they first have intercourse. But an unwanted pregnancy can cause you needless suffering. You'd better see your family physician, a gynecologist, or the nearest Planned Parenthood Clinic [Ann Arbor, 663-3306; Ypsi, 482-1644] soon to learn about contraceptive measures.

QUESTION: I am 15 years old and am a girl. I have been masturbating (just recently finding out the name of it) for three years. Is this normal?

I don't think my friends do it--that's why I'm worried. The reason I think my friends don't do it is because they seem more...well, immature than me. They like Walt Disney movies and won't kiss their boy-friends. They are happier than I am.

Sometimes I go for a couple of months without doing it but then all of a sudden I am doing it once a day for a week. I think it happens mostly when I am lonely or depressed. Is there any way of getting over this?

P. S. Thank you for reading this; for taking the time to read it. Even if you don't answer, it's a relief for me to tell someone.

QUESTION: Although I have a normal and usually most successful sex life with my lover, when I am separated from him for more than a week, as occasionally happens, I find I have to resort to masturbation to keep my body quiet. If I do not do this, I find myself getting very tense and nervous.

Masturbation relieves this, but it never gives me anything like the pleasure that I find in real love-making, even on those occasions when I cannot achieve orgasm and my chief pleasure is pleasing my lover and satisfying him.

I would like to know whether there is any physiological basis for this, or whether, in your opinion, it is all in my head.

ANSWER: Masturbation is a normal means of sexual release. In *Human Sexual Response*, Masters and Johnson report that, physiologically, "an orgasm is an orgasm," however it is achieved. But most people find greater satisfaction when sex is shared with another person.

"I don't care what Masters and Johnson found in their research, it's up here that counts," my secretary wisely pointed out, tapping her head.

WARNING: Analysis of street LSD samples has at times indicated the addition of strychnine, a deadly poison. The drug is apparently added to LSD because of its stimulatory effects on the spinal cord. No longer used in medicine, strychnine is used commercially as a rat poison.

Some tripsters take high doses of LSD because they know its toxicity in man is very low. Should the tabs or capsules contain strychnine they might die like a rat. Symptoms are similar to tetanus poison--extreme sensitivity to light, sound or touch. Death results from asphyxia or exhaustion after a prolonged series of convulsions.

Gefilte fish can be as lethal as it appears, according to an article in the October 13th *Journal of the AMA*. A Chicago housewife served a lunch of home-made gefilte fish to herself, an employee and her daughter-in-law. All were stricken with botulism, a particularly virulent type of food poisoning.

"The fish patties had been prepared from raw, unprocessed Great Lakes whitefish purchased in a supermarket....Whole fish were ground at home to a fine paste...blended with raw eggs and onion, reground and made into patties approximately four inches in diameter. The patties were 'simmered' for about four hours in a large open pot partially filled with water," the article said.

The gefilte fish was served cold with horseradish on toast. (Presumably, a piece of cooked carrot rested atop each piece.) The housewife ate two pieces and died in a hospital five days later. Her employee, perhaps recognizing the gefilte fish as somebody else's soul food, ate one piece, was hospitalized, but survived. The daughter-in-law, who was seven months pregnant, ate only half a portion. She suffered dizziness, weakness, nausea, vomiting and a slight distortion of hearing, but recovered without treatment. Two months later she gave birth to healthy twins.

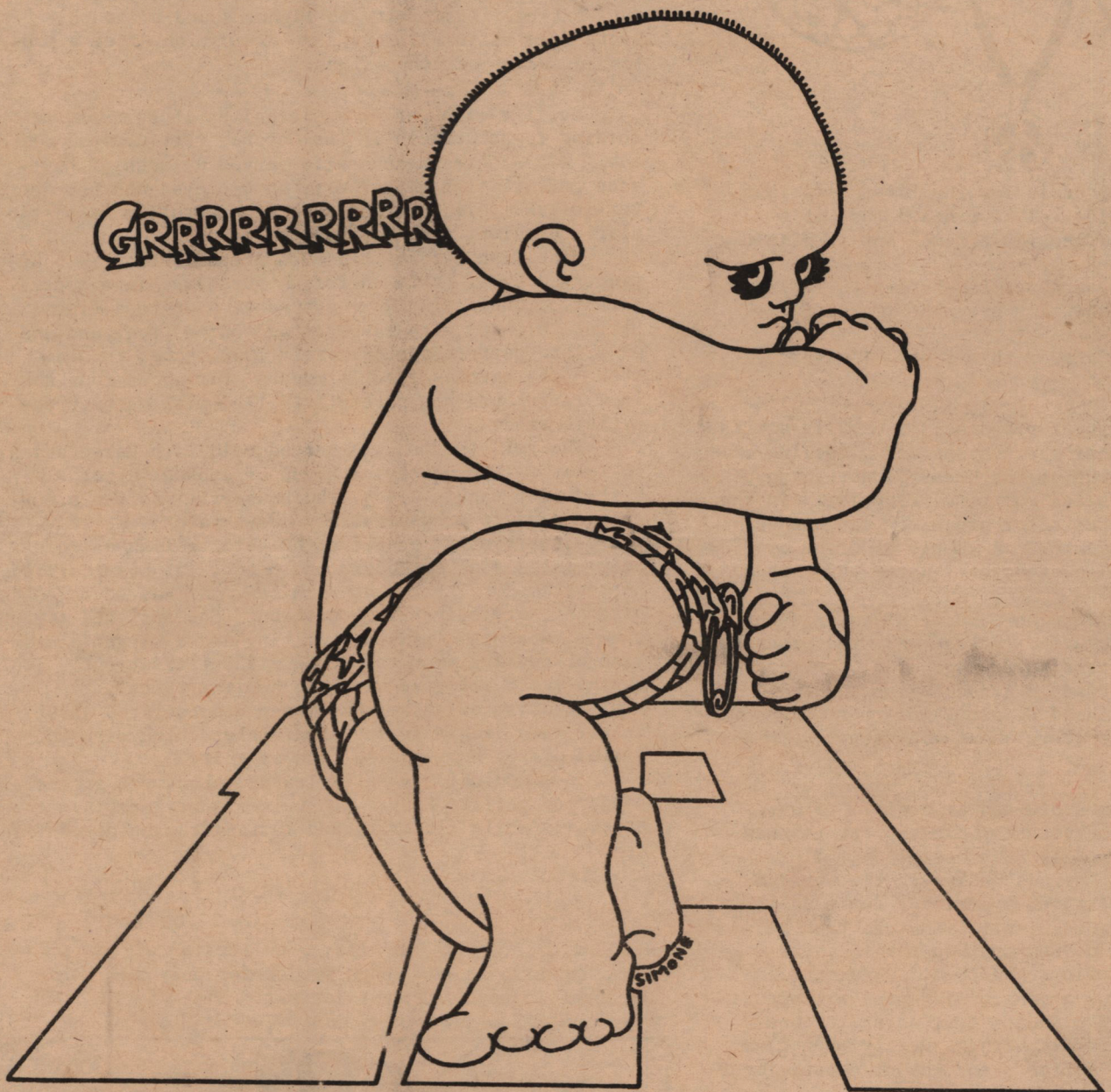
Botulism organisms have been demonstrated in 9% of all fish caught in the Great Lakes. They are not killed off by horseradish, red or white.

As a medical student I learned about yet another danger of gefilte fish. Housewives sometimes ingest tapeworms while flavoring and tasting the uncooked fish meal.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates, a collection of letters and answers, is now in paperback for only 95¢. Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, CA 94709.



grow a kid for the army



Richmond Chronicle/UPS

Second Coming

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